

The Brethren's Evangelist.

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SUPERANUATED PREACHERS.

We are waiting for the Master,
For our sun is almost down,
And its parting radiance gleameth,
Like the glintings from a crown;
But he bids us not be idle
While the daylight seems to stay,
If we cannot do full service,
We at least can watch and pray.

We are waiting for the Master,
We have wandered far and wide,
Sown and reaped and bound the harvest,
Stood in battle side by side;
Now when heart and courage faileth,
Hands are weak and feet are slow,
To our doors our duty cometh,
Round our path occasions grow.

We can wipe the tear of sorrow,
We can comfort hearts that bleed,
We can plant for future harvests,
Scatter here and there a seed.
We can pluck the tares of error,
Nurture if we can't defend,
We can watch a broken hedge-row
Till a stronger hand can mend.

We must strive with fierce temptation
Coming with our waning powers,
Serve in waiting not in doing,
Bear through many weary hours
Doubts and fears which active labor
In the ranks can never feel,
Wrestling in a broken harness,
Fighting with a blunted steel.

Soon the Master will be calling,
We who sowed in tears the seed:
Will our sheaves be homeward bringing
Joy and gladness on our head?
And we'll answer, Welcome, welcome!
To the message from above,
Lay aside our broken armor,
Rest us in His boundless love.

PROGRESS OF THOUGHT.

BY WILL RADER.

Facts are as eternal as the hills. Ideas of facts are susceptible of retrogression or progress. Thought is the intellectual thermometer of nation or individual. Civilization advances just in proportion as we practice new theories and follow practical truth. Perfection is the end of progress, and all legitimate advancement, leads upward to God the embodiment of all progress and the essence of all perfection.

The history of human thought, is the history of the race, and by tracing its pathway, we are led back through centuries of dead creeds, faiths, false religions, and uncivilized races of men. There has always been a contest between ignorance and intelligence, radicalism, progress and fogism; and between the various conflicting interpretations of Bible truth, and science is evidence in its bearings upon man—his origin and destiny.

Ethical teachers have risen, flourished, and passed away; and ethics still seem to have undiscovered realms, without territory of moral possibilities. The progress of thought in the capacity referred to above, I wish to treat in a desultory way, necessarily in this article.

I can imagine the sages of old, far back in the beautiful twilight of civilization, regarding God's word in a way similar to that of early Pennsylvania settlers, regarding the wealth of this state when walking over the magnificent hills and through these valleys, plucking here and there a wild flower, blooming at his feet, never dreaming of the rich veins of coal and iron which lay beneath. It took a later generation to develop these resources.

So with the Bible, which is a gigantic quarry of research where great and small minds have been at work digging out new nuggets of truth and strange mysteries. The result is that the theology of to-day is not, in many respects, the theology of fifty years ago. In view of this, old heads are wont to shake with a conservative fear, and men are to take a firm grasp upon the Book. The whirlpool of "advanced thought" has thrown up numerous unbelievers and skeptics, men who—like a man lost in a magnificent palace, have lost their way in the grandeur of truth. The agnostic has been developed. He is a sort of a theological dude. It has been said that an agnostic is not sure of anything; hence, he is not sure he is an agnostic. Spurgeon sets him down as an ignoramus.

Suspicious people with a sensible curiosity, ask, is the religious faith of our fathers dying? Is there any real profit gained by this progress of ideas. Is the religion of Christ becoming twisted out of shape to suit certain theories? In these days of conflicting opin-

ions and antagonistic theories, these are thoughtful considerate questions.

Truth itself is as immovable as Pike's Peak. There is no sophisticated system of false logic that can change a truth. You might as well try to turn the white capped waves of the Atlantic, into cold and motionless marble as to attempt to change the immutability of Christian truth.

Theology is the religion of the head. Religion is the theology of the heart. The intelligence of the head throws a reflected light upon the religion of the heart. The mind should be illumined to its utmost brilliancy; for then the precepts of God's word will more easily be deciphered.

I believe in the progress of intelligence. Solomon, himself asked for wisdom. But Christianity itself (practical Christianity) is best demonstrated by experience. When our renowned Ralph Waldo Emerson visited his friend Carlyle, they sat and talked all night of God. The praying, Christian mother bowing in her lonely cabin on the bosom of the western prairie, knew more of God than did these great thinkers. She argued with the philosophy of feeling,—with the logic of the heart; they, with the intellect. What the telescope is to the astronomer, theology is to the theologian or Christian. Telescopes have improved. The one of to-day is more powerful than the one of yesterday. The heavens are about the same. The same eternal stars glitter in the blue firmament, the same sun moves over its azure pathway, the same moon that played with its silvery beams upon the rivers of Jerusalem, pours its celestial beauties upon the cities of America. Theologians of to-day scan God's promises and the Bible with a more powerful glass of culture than did they of one hundred years ago. The same promises are there, the same sweetness and light, the same sun of righteousness rolls over our souls, and while we may pierce farther into these truths and in our advanced powers of investigation find new facts by new canons and methods; the fundamental principles are still there and the religion of Jesus Christ stands to-day untouched and unwaned, the Bible still remaining as Time's greatest light-house, the brilliancy of whose light remains undimmed and undiminished.

It is a comforting thought that, with all our new schools of philosophy and "advanced thought," the religion of Christ is the same. Science and religion—their relationship one toward the other—form a subject of serious consideration for modern thinkers. Are they averse to each other? Do they agree? These are questions much the world has tried to answer. A certain school of infidel scientists have tried to prove that science and religion are bad friends, but they have failed, according to their own logic, and according to the evidence of learned scientists, whose aim is not the destruction of Bible truth. Blatant infidelity and superficial skepticism is the injurious element in the teaching of to-day.

Ingersollism catches flies on their way to the sugar. People who are led astray by the eloquent nonsense of Ingersoll, are persons who are on their way to conclusions; or who have not minds sufficiently strong to study the word of God from a high standpoint of educated common sense and reason.

Infidelity itself, by the way, is not a useless thing; for, from graves lonely and barren, where deepening shadows fall in tearful sadness around uncrowned tombs, come the universal truth that God is God, and his religion a blessed reality. The greatest sermons have been delivered by infidels, in their midnight hours of despair, when death held the flickering candle of their fate.

But to return to the interrogatory concerning the existing harmony between science and religion. Science, as I maintain, answers these questions conclusively, itself. It is written upon the geological records of the rocks; and geology enthroned in creation itself sings the song of harmony with Genesis. The heavens, the earth, the distant whispers of the early history of botanical composition, or the mysterious origin and development of animal life—or life in its most comprehensive sense—all tell us in beautiful and powerful language, the established harmony between science and religion. Science, then, to-day, really is a defensive of Christianity. It is the electric light of genius—flooding the palace of Biblical beauty.

Go on, then, aged pilgrim, and feel assured

that God is leading hand in hand, these twin sisters, each demonstrative of the other, upward and onward, to where controversy is unknown and where we shall no longer "see through a glass darkly," but we "shall be known even as we are known," where wisdom shall be established for ever and ever.

BROWN'S RAMBLINGS.

On the 14th of October I left home with a view of attending a number of Communion meetings in Western Pennsylvania. Arrived at Eminton, in Venango county, on the evening of the 15th, and was conveyed to place of meeting about three miles out in the country just in time to hear the concluding part of brother Wampler's sermon on the "Great Supper" in Luke 14th. Next day we tried to preach at 4 P. M., and held communion services in the evening. The membership at this place is small, and these are scattered over a large space of country, and seldom get together; but when they do they seem to enjoy the meeting all the more. This meeting although somewhat interrupted by the rain was a very good one. The brethren not having a meeting house of their own here they used a very fine and commodious edifice belonging to the Evangelical association. The house was well filled and the best of order prevailed. Perhaps it is necessary to say this is in what is known as the Clarion church. They have no resident minister, but brother Wampler has agreed to preach for them as often as his time will admit of. Next morning brother and sister Wampler and I took the train for Templeton, about forty-two miles down the Allegheny river, where brother Wampler and I crossed, and sister Wampler went on to Kittanning, and then home. We went up the hill and over, into the "John settlement," where we had preaching in the evening in the Brush Valley meeting house, and on the next day we had council meeting. A move was made to hold an election for minister, but while some of the brethren were in favor of the motion the sisters voted it down, so brother Wampler has to continue his labors.

In the evening we had a large congregation and one of the most orderly and impressive communion services that was ever held there. Such at least is the testimony of the Brethren with whom we talked. After preaching on Sabbath forenoon we went in company with brother Whittaker, of Cowanshannock, to Glade Run, about ten miles east where we preached in the evening to a large congregation. This church too is under brother Wampler's care. On Monday evening we had preaching again, and on Tuesday evening communion service. The house is large and was well filled and excellent order prevailed. During our sojourn at this place brethren Alexander and Jacob Bowser were elected and ordained to the deacon's office.

On Wednesday morning we started for Cowanshannock, about twenty-four miles northeast. Stopped on the way and dined with sister Wampler, the same that we had left at Templeton a week ago. The day was rainy and the meeting in the evening was not large. On Thursday, A. M., October 23, at a council at this place brother Eugene H. Smith was elected and ordained a minister in the Cowanshannock Brethren Church. This was a solemn and impressive work. We hope the cause of truth will have an able and zealous advocate in the person of brother Smith. In the evening the communion services were held at this place and although the day had been stormy, and the night was cold, the members were present from far and wide, and the house was densely packed with quiet, and apparently interested, spectators. After meeting we came back seven miles and lodged with brother Wampler, and the next day we started with brother and sister Wampler, in a spring wagon for Johnstown, a distance of forty five miles, reached the nice and thrifty county seat of Indiana county, by noon, but in the afternoon the roads were very rough and we did not make very good progress. Night came on, and we had a long dark road through the woods, but finally reached a village called "Armaugh" where we lodged with an inn keeper by the name of "Tinson." We were now eleven miles from the great manufacturing city of Johnstown, and the road in places was—well it was bad, but, by ten o'clock we reached the hospitable home of

brother Daniel Crofford, in the city. Had preaching in the evening, but owing to a big political demonstration, and the general business regulations common on Saturday evenings, the congregation was not very large. On Sunday, A. M., we had the pleasure of attending the large and interesting Sabbath school in the basement of the best church in the Brotherhood. And after school the audience room of the church was pretty well filled, and we tried to preach to them.

At the close of the morning service, the question of ordaining Elders was put before the church and by unanimous vote decided that brethren Daniel Crofford, D. F. Ramsey, Benjamin Gochenour, and Wesley Adame, shall be ordained as Elders in the Brethren Church. At four P. M. we met again and brother Wampler preached an interesting sermon on the "Testament of the Testator." After the sermon the ordination services took place, the scene was very impressive and especially so when the large number of members came up to greet those four elders with their pledges of love and help in the noble work. After the older class of members who occupied front pews had saluted them the most affecting part of all was to see pew after pew of young members—our hope for the future—come up and pledge their young hearts affections, in aid of the Brethren in their work. At 6 o'clock we met for communion service. About 175 of the members surrounded the tables and the balance of the room was packed with very quiet spectators. This was a feast long to be remembered. The Johnstown Church is happily rid of the shackles of traditions and has much in her in her favor to wield still a stronger influence for good, and our prayer is that she may ever continue in her present, prosperous and happy condition. Many members were unable to attend this meeting living as they do out in country, the entire membership we are told is considerable over 200. Now we are at Wooster, O., waiting to go home.

P. J. BROWN.

Oct. 28.

The Mother of Men.

Some one who had noticed the influence of wives in promoting the good or evil fortunes of their husbands, said, "A man must ask his wife's leave to be rich." We doubt not that a similar observation of the influence of mothers upon their sons would justify the remark, "A man must ask his mother's leave to be great."

Years ago a family of four, a father, a mother, and two sons, dwelt in a small house, situated in the roughest locality of the rocky town of Ashford, Conn. The family was very poor.

A few acres of stony land, a dozen sheep and one cow, supported them. The sheep clothed them, and the cow gave milk, and did the work of a horse in ploughing and harrowing. Corn bread, milk, and bean porridge was their fare.

The father being laid aside by ill health, the burden of supporting the family rested on the mother. She did her work in the house, and helped the boys do theirs on the farm. Once in the dead of winter one of the boys required a new suit of clothes. There was neither money nor wool on hand. The mother sheared the half-grown fleece from the sheep, and in one week the suit was on the boy. The shorn sheep were protected from the cold by a garment made of braided straw.

The family lived four miles from the "meeting-house", yet, every Sunday, the mother and two sons walked to church. One of these sons became the pastor of the church in Franklin, Conn., to whom he preached sixty-one years. Two generations went from that church to make the world better. The other son also became a minister, and then one of the most successful of college presidents. Hundreds of young men were moulded by him.

That heroic Christian woman's name was Deborah Nott. She was the mother of the Rev. Samuel Nott, D. D., and of Eliphalet Nott, D. D., LL. D. President of Union College.

About a hundred Christian Chinese women have been married to Christian Chinese in the mission chapel at San Francisco.